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## JAMES MARTINEAU.

BY THE REV. A. W. JACKSON.

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THE years glide rapidly away, and with them impressions fade and enthusiasms wane. Events that now seem the hinge of destiny may look quite unimportant in the retrospect of a decade, as in climbing Monadnock the hills most formidable from the other side sink into the level of the landscape as we rise. But while, for the most part, the clock ticks uneventful minutes there come the "striking hours," incidents which, though wearing a trifling look to others, mark epochs in the individual life. Such an incident lies fair in the memory of one who, thirty years ago, was a student at Harvard. It was the casual opening of a book which he had never seen before, and of the author of which he had never heard. A sentence arrested his attention, another charmed him, another absorbed him, and presently he was as little at his own disposal as if afloat on the whirlpool of Niagara River. He had fallen under the spell of one to whom were the philosopher's insight and the prophet's fire. The book became the companion of his weariness and leisure, another from the same pen was found, and others were taken as they came; and thus his opening of that book proved his first contact with an influence that more than any other was to mould his life. Years sped on; disciple and master had found each other out, and this ascendancy was to be brought to the proof of personal encounter. The teachers whom we know only in letters enjoy a happy immunity from personal frailties, which living contact is so likely to reveal, a truth which at this juncture came home to the disciple with very natural anxieties. This master was of the royal line of scholars, but so were Johnson and Gibbon; he was a thinker, but such was also Schopenhauer; he was endowed with genius, but so were Bacon and Voltaire. From such ex-

amples the disciple conceived it not improbable that through some infirmity of spirit the master might furnish an unhappy commentary upon his record, and dreaded the acquaintance that involved this liability. It was his happy discovery that not only were his anxieties groundless, but that through the great page that so long had instructed him he had held communion with a spirit that was far greater.

## I.

That book was the "Endeavors After the Christian Life." The story is autobiography, with which confession enough is told of the personal affection that rules the following pages. Dr. Martineau was of Huguenot descent. His family tradition is drawn from Bergerac in France, where his ancestors may have witnessed, and not unlikely experienced, the horrors of the Dragonnade. His line first comes clearly into view with a certain Gaston Martineau, a surgeon, who, driven by the persecution that followed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, fled into England. On the ship that bore him across the Channel was a family of refugees, one member of which was a young woman who became afterward his wife. He settled in Norwich, where he prospered by his skill and reared a numerous family. The date of his reaching England cannot now be definitely told, but soon after 1685, the date of the bodeful Revocation. A son adopted his profession and followed in his walks, and a grandson and great grandson did the same. The latter was Phillip Meadows Martineau, celebrated in his day both as practitioner and author, nor yet forgotten. A younger brother of Phillip Meadows, Thomas Martineau, was destined to become James Martineau's father. Thus, behind Dr. Martineau were four generations of surgeons who had practised their skill in England; while tradition of the ancestral Bergerac carries still further up their line. To such as would study him in the light of heredity, here is material. All students of Dr. Martineau are sensible of his strong grasp upon scientific principles, a grasp that makes easy the belief that he might have triumphed at the problems of Herschel and Faraday had he not chosen to toil rather at those of Plato and Spinoza; and which in these days it is difficult not to connect with the scientific discipline of those generations of surgeons. While thus taking account of his inherited qualities, his Huguenot descent also comes

before us. The Huguenots were despoiled of about everything that makes life outwardly desirable; but through their sufferings they won for their children that surest of legacies, *a virtue proven in the fire of persecution*. Brief time may work great changes in human standards; and ancestor and descendant, viewing each other across the graves of four generations, in their vision of the world and their moral judgments would rarely discern the tokens of their kinship. But a virtue victorious in an ordeal such as the French Protestants were brought to, becomes a moral strain that many generations must witness; and as beneath the grace of Emerson we discern the iron of the Puritan, so in Dr. Martineau with finer insight and larger outlook the Huguenot toiled with us.

His early home was the ancestral Norwich. His father was a man of gentle spirit and stern rectitude; his mother was practical and resourceful. She bore eight children, of whom James, born April 21, 1805, was the seventh. A mother with eight children, though she gives them severally all her love, must divide to them her care, and so bring them early to the useful lessons of mutual helpfulness and self-dependence; and these lessons were emphasized in the Martineau household. Of the spirit of the maternal watch Dr. Martineau is our witness, and he tells of an affection less manifest in endearments than in constancy of service, yet warm and winning and unflinching. It seems the more desirable to say this because Harriet Martineau, writing in later life and throwing back its darkness upon her past, gave an unpleasant impression of her mother, which Mrs. Chapman, and later Mrs. Fenwick Miller, copied from her. Religion gave tone to the family life, rather elastic as to its dogmas and not austere as to its practices, but keeping ever in view the truth that the kingdom of God is not meat and drink. This was easy faith when the board was affluently spread; its practical hold was proven when meat and drink became an exigent consideration. Thomas Martineau was a manufacturer, and the product of his mills went to Spain. In 1823 France threw her armies upon Spain and won an easy victory. New commercial regulations were dictated to the advantage of France, but to the grievous loss of England. Thomas Martineau's Spanish trade was cut off, and, despite his bravest efforts, his business rapidly declined. At length he could honorably conceal his embarrassments no longer, and laid his affairs before his creditors. They found his

liabilities £100,000 and his assets £75,000. Fifteen shillings to the pound might have been paid and release obtained, and the standards of business honor satisfied. Fifteen shillings, however, are less than a pound, and, according to *Martineau* standards, neither war nor any other calamity could excuse the non-payment of a debt which any toil or sacrifice could cancel. Accordingly, he begged permission to undertake to pay all. The struggle outlasted his life, and was carried on in filial piety by his sons. It proved a maelstrom that sucked in all the family fortune; but at last the debt was paid, and the family could face the world with poverty and honor. Two of the daughters must needs take service as governesses and Harriet incur the hardships of her brave early career; but we hear no chafe, rather a note of exultation that through the sacrifice of meat and drink they had stood fast in their allegiance to the kingdom of God.

While such was the spirit of the home, how of its immediate surroundings? For these, like elevation and prospect and exposure, are of great significance to an unfolding life. Norwich was indeed no Athens of poets and philosophers, nor yet a Nazareth from which no good thing was to be expected. Though a manufacturing city, it had an intellectual life not to be despised. Here was William Taylor, an industrious contributor to the periodicals of the day on subjects of foreign literature, and one of the earliest guides of English readers into the wonder-realm of German poetry; also Frank Sayers, an explorer of Northern Mythology, a poet not to be despised and a metaphysician of clear insight; also Drs. Rigsby and Alderson, earnest toilers in the fields of science, and others whose names have come to us, and whose works we meet—not stars, indeed, but candles; and where it otherwise were dark, a candle makes a cheerful difference. Here, too, was Amelia Opie, whose novels, if not great, were wholesome, and gained a popularity that outlived her; and here was Anna Letitia Barbauld, whose sweet verse just missed of fame. All these might have been met in the *Martineau* household, which, of high standing in itself, and representing a family for more than a hundred years honorably identified with the city, naturally drew to itself men and women who thought and aspired.

## II.

Mr. Martineau's education began in a grammar school at Norwich, a foundation of the fourteenth century. To this he was sent as a day-scholar from eight to fourteen years of age. It had educated a goodly number who had become eminent men, and so was a school of reputation. Dr. Samuel Parr had at one time been at its head, and it was now under the charge of Edward Valpy, a classical scholar of reputation in his day, nor yet forgotten. Under such a master the natural emphasis of the school was upon classical studies, and in these the young pupil made rapid progress. He also learned the French language; but in mathematics, then as ever after a favorite study, he received no satisfactory training. In a public school of two hundred pupils rude elements are to be looked for, and the sensitive and shrinking child who has endured well should have a tolerable martyrdom set down to his credit. James Martineau was this kind of boy. His, too, was a moral sensibility to which the hectoring and teasing were moral affronts of serious proportions. Accordingly, he was not happy here.

After six years a change seemed expedient. His sister Harriet, returning from Bristol, where she had been visiting, was eloquent in her praises of Lant Carpenter, who exercised the two-fold office of preacher and teacher there. To receive tuition from Lant Carpenter must have been rare privilege to any earnest young man. His learning was ample and peculiarly well rounded; his apprehensions were quick and clear and vivid; he carried to his labors a moral enthusiasm that was contagious. He was, in short, a teacher after Montaigne's ideal, who could teach virtue as well as how to decline *virtus*, and the two lessons ever went along together. In his presence was a grace that few could resist; his character was of that virile sort which young men always admire; he was tireless in service; his enthusiasm was boundless; and he held his pupils to extraordinary achievement, not through the exactions he laid upon them, but the inspirations with which he aroused them. To this teacher young James was now committed, and in him he came in contact with one of the master influences of his life. Under the spell of Lant Carpenter his whole nature was awakened. Dr. Martineau was never stingy in recognition of those who had helped him, but to no other did

he bear testimony so affluent as to his Bristol school-master. Writing of him in 1841, he said: "So forcibly, indeed, did that period act—so visibly did it determine the subsequent direction of my mind and lot, that it always stands before me as the commencement of my present life, making me feel like a man without a childhood; and though a multitude of earlier scenes are still in view, they seem to be spread around a different being, and to belong, like the incidents of a dream, to some foreign self that became extinct when the morning light of reality broke upon the sight."

Only two years, however, of this high privilege were allowed him. His father had decided that he was to be an engineer; another, that is, was to be added to the many attempts, some of them sadly successful, to make Apollo a farmhand for Admetos. Accordingly, he was placed with a firm of engineers at Derby to learn his profession. For a year he was kept at the lathe or at the bench of the model-room. As we view him now, the mistake seems plain enough; but as Gibbon conceived that the captain of the Hampshire Grenadiers had not been useless to the historian of the Roman Empire, so these labors may have been not without profit to the future philosopher of religion. Two or three circumstances, however, conspired against this enterprise. The work was not uncongenial, but he was given an incompetent teacher, who taught him a trade rather than a science, and he was dissatisfied. More significant than this fact, the spell of his Bristol school-master was upon him. More significant still, the calling whereto he was called was declaring itself within him. So at the end of the year he made known to his parents his desire to become a minister. Though this was unwelcome intelligence, they were too wise to oppose him, and at once took into consideration the comprehensive education which it seemed to them a clergyman needed. But where should he be educated? The Oxford that afterward honored him could not then receive him by reason of the creed-subscription she must exact of him, nor, for the same reason, could Cambridge. Besides, though the evil days were not yet, the family exchequer would not indulge a lavish expenditure. There, however, was Manchester New College, which furnished "free learning" at small cost, and which, if with small constituency, was writing an heroic history. At a time when the State Church would punish with ignorance such as could not sign her

creed there began a long struggle for the higher academic culture beyond the range of her immediate control. To establish an institution, however, that should provide this in the face of the hostility of the Church and the prestige of the universities was no easy task; and in the course of a century six institutions, succeeding one to another, had run through their brief career. Then Manchester College was established at Manchester. Here it struggled for seventeen years. Thence it was moved to York, where it upheld its torch for thirty-seven years. Thence it was returned to Manchester, where it toiled on thirteen years. Thence it was moved to London, whence, after a stay of thirty-six years, it was transferred to Oxford, where it now is. Here we trust its wanderings are over, and that it may long diffuse its light. It was in the York period of this peripatetic service that James Martineau, aged seventeen, sought admission. Its resources look meagre enough when compared with those of the Oxford or Harvard of to-day, or even of that day. He found, however, two things alone indispensable to such a student, opportunity equal to his powers and teachers equal to his guidance. Of two of these, John Kenrick and Charles Wellbeloved, he never tired of celebrating the praises. The course, in part secular, in part theological, was of five years' length, and the zeal of the student spared not. John Kenrick twice mentions his "intemperate study." At the end of this period he stepped forth equipped for the great task that was before him.

At least, so he thought and friends and teachers judged; yet there was another and most important period of tuition before him. In these college years he had become familiar with the classical and Hebrew tongues; his scientific training had been severe; the standards of critical judgment, historical and theological, had been borne in upon him; he had learned the attitude of the schools; but a key to the universe he had not found; a key, that is, that he could use. In ethics he had received in its essential features the Hedonism of which Bentham was the apostle; in philosophy he had been trained on the doctrines of Locke and Hartley, which made much of the senses and something of the reason, but allowed to the soul no oracles. Both these types of doctrine, while in the ascendant in England, were all in all in his immediate surroundings; and he received them with a pupil's docility because they were taught him. We now see plainly



enough that from the very structure of his nature these doctrines could not do for him, that ere he could perform his appointed work he must renounce them. Before he could see their inadequacy, however, he must make trial of them. A year after his graduation he was ordained and settled over the Eustace Street Presbyterian Church in Dublin. Three years later he crossed over to Liverpool, where a notable career as a clergyman was before him. Soon the reviews gave evidence of a new man. In 1836 he published his first book, the "Rationale of Religious Inquiry." In 1839 he bore the leader's part in that titanic struggle known as the Liverpool Controversy. He came into wide demand for an occasional address or sermon or lecture. Thus in these earlier years, before the deeper problems of thought especially engaged him, he traced a considerable record; and he who examines it with care may see that within the formularies of Locke there was not scope for his vision, that to a hedonistic ethic his ethical appeal did not and could not ring true. At length, in 1840, he was appointed to the chair of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy in the college that had educated him, the duties of which he discharged conjointly with his clerical offices. At the threshold of this new career an incident occurred that should have shown him his tendencies could he have seen. He believed himself safely within the lines of the dominant English philosophy; but the *syllabus* of his first course of lectures, falling into the hands of John Stuart Mill, his keen eye detected an incipient apostasy, of which he gave frank and friendly warning. As he went on his experiences were precisely those of one whose intellectual bearings are not well assured. Recorded judgments he needed too often to qualify; keen questions from his class forced him into embarrassing dilemmas. As an intellectual sailor his received philosophy was the chart of his voyaging, but in his heaven hung stars from which he was ever tempted to take an independent reckoning, and between chart and star there was unsteadiness in his sailing. At length, in 1848, his congregation found it necessary to build a new church, and he embraced the opportunity for a period of rest and study in Germany. Incidentally, the journey yielded much. There was the kindling spectacle of the Bavarian Alps; there was a six weeks' residence in a secularized monastery at St. Zeno; there was a sail in a private boat down the Danube; there was a period of wonder and joy

amid the treasures of art at Vienna; there was the forming of noble friendships, especially those of the Zumpt, Von Ranke and Trendelenburg. The ruling purpose of his journey, however, was study, not diversion. Trendelenburg was then at Berlin at the height of his fame and power, and Mr. Martineau sat down at his feet. Trendelenburg was a great expounder of the Stagirite, and this circumstance brought Mr. Martineau to Greek philosophical studies, the effect of which was, in his own language, "a new intellectual birth." He also plunged deeply into later German philosophy, and his friend, R. H. Hutton, who was with him, pleasantly tells how in the depths of a German winter with "feet incased in *einhu*" they toiled in a fruitless chase after Hegel's "pure being and pure nothing." Together also they toiled over the more luminous page of Plato. He found it of great advantage to pursue Greek and German thought together for the light each cast upon the other. He once told a friend that he never understood Aristotle's "Ethics" till he translated it into German in Trendelenburg's class. The result of these studies, however, was something more than a clearer insight into things dark before; "*the metaphysics of the world came home to him.*" The defection from English Sensational doctrine which Mill had detected reached to conscious and complete repudiation. In its place he had attained to a spiritual philosophy with which *his key to the universe was won.*

### III.

We come now to a closer view of the man and his work. However wanting in popular interest may be the labors of a scholar and teacher, in his case their summary is impressive. We have noticed a ministry of three years in Dublin; this was succeeded by a ministry of twenty-five years in Liverpool. After the removal of the college to London, keeping appointments with it implied the long journey of four hours thither, and he was at length induced to follow it in the capacity of resident professor. Soon after reaching London, however, he was invited to minister to the congregation at Little Portland Street Chapel, and here for fourteen years he proclaimed his great word. He thus must have entered to his credit forty-two years of clerical service. During the first six years of his London ministry he alternated in the pulpit ministration with John James Tayler, and during the en-

tire period he was released from the more conventional requirements of the pastoral office; yet this service of forty-two years, held to his severely faithful standard, would ordinarily be accounted a very creditable life-work. We must add to this, however, forty-five years as college professor, and that, too, in the most toilsome of departments, dealing with the problems of Aristotle and Kant, and holding himself in readiness to take up the gauntlet that any Mill or Mansel might throw down. Here is a second long and toilsome career, at the end of which, though with nothing else to his credit, he surely might have rested from his labors without apology. To these labors as clergyman and teacher, however, we must add a literary achievement hardly less than the twenty volumes which give ample testimony to the genius and diligence of Carlyle. Some of his volumes are the outcome of pulpit and professorial labors; yet the standard of their execution could hardly have been higher had their production been the sole occupation of his life. This three-fold record places him, of course, among the phenomenal workers of his age. With it in view, question as to his resource were like question as to the strength of Atlas when poising the globe on his shoulders.

Our interest in the Corliss engine, however, is not satisfied when we are merely told its gross achievement; we want also to be told of the interior working of its wonderful machinery. Turning to Dr. Martineau with the like inquiry, we mark, first, an acquisitive power that was very extraordinary. In this endowment nature made provision for a scholar of the first order. His intellectual cleverness was remarkable for its many-sidedness. That law of compensation through which we look to see a man sacrificed on one side to any special aptitude on another, which made Prescott a poor mathematician and Spencer an indifferent linguist, seems to have overlooked him. Whether dealing with the calculus or a Greek chorus, he was congenially occupied; in the fields of inductive inquiry he was at home; he laid hold upon the problems of philosophy as if a Plato come again; literature, art, music, were his solace; on details of archæology, history, political and social institutions, creeds, ecclesiasticisms, his grasp was firm. To these many aptitudes he brought a catholicity to match: a man of most decided convictions, as a scholar he was absolutely without antipathies. Hence the exhaustive knowledge of his problems that made him so formidable an antagonist. The champion of a

spiritual philosophy, he yet could turn upon modern naturalism the edge of its own weapons; a Protestant of Protestants, he could have instructed the College of Cardinals in church legislation; of the school of Baur, he made his own the whole arsenal of orthodox criticism; a follower of Channing, he steeped himself in Athanasius and St. Augustine; the most ultra of non-conformists, he put on the amplest equipment for Archbishop of Canterbury—except the creed of the Church of England. This great endowment was backed by the scholar's tireless diligence; it was backed also by the scholar's care. Like Thoreau, it would have been possible for him to "leave a Greek accent slanting the wrong way and right up a fallen man;" but the man set upon his feet, he would surely have returned to his Greek accent whose mistaken slant could not have left his memory.

The strength of the strong man is seen not merely in the load he carries, but also in the manner in which he carries it. A massive erudition may suggest an "ass of Parnassus," an often useful, but a relatively ignoble animal, which of all things Dr. Martineau was not. For, secondly, while it is given the mere scholar to think as learner, it was given Dr. Martineau to learn as thinker: this power of acquisition was associated with a more characteristic power of reflection. Hence his learning, however rapidly gained, was scarcely less rapidly taken into the mould of his thought. Here we probably meet the supreme proof of a great scholar, in that a rapidly gained knowledge may be at once transformed from pabulum into light. Compare Dr. Martineau, for instance, with Theodore Parker, who as confidently as the youthful Bacon might have taken all knowledge for his province, but who failed in the test here provided. He acquired with a readiness scarcely less wonderful than the miracles he repudiated; but he did not assimilate so readily, and something like intellectual congestion was the consequence. Of this nothing in Dr. Martineau. A new truth gained meant at once new lustre to his torch.

We speak of him as thinker; thinkers, however, are not all of one order. Dr. Martineau was distinctly a logician; that is to say, he was not a diviner. His intellectual affinity was with Mill, not Emerson; he was philosopher, not seer. Of course visions were given him; we note the nature of the receptacle into which they came. He educed conclusions; he did not announce

oracles. Indeed, there is chance to suspect that from the strength of his logical sensibility it was possible for him to fail of due appreciation where there was conspicuous want of it. Thus, of his great contemporaries, Emerson seems least of all to have moved him. He recognized the genius of Emerson, but it is doubtful if he was quite happy in that *per saltum* by which our seer reached stars indeed, but left no clear track by which to follow after him. There is, however, a peculiar charm in his logic. It seems his life rather than his rule; by it his structure grows rather than is builded. The structures of great logicians are apt to suggest the carpenter, whose building may be imposing, but the careful jointings of which are plainly manifest. Dr. Martineau's structure suggests rather an immanent reason, which works so and not otherwise. It is ever in union, too, with an intrepid daring, an intense conviction, from which it becomes not merely logic, but "logic on fire," which Demosthenes defined eloquence to be.

To these gifts add a vivid and creative imagination, a genius for outline and boundary, the clearest ethical perception, a delight in mystic contemplation, and we have before us his more salient intellectual features.

Such were his powers; let us bring more definitely before us the labors to which he applied them. As we have seen, soon after entering upon his work as a clergyman, he appeared in the field of letters as a critic; and from this time on, till he ceased from toil, critical tasks were rarely far from him. His first effort in this field was a copious and brilliant discussion of Joseph Priestley in the *Monthly Repository* for 1833; his last was a searching critique of Balfour's "Foundations of Belief" in the *Nineteenth Century* for 1895, the frosts of ninety winters on his brow. What in this species of labor he accomplished between these periods the five ample volumes of his miscellaneous papers in the main will show. We say in the main, for other papers numerous and excellent are yet buried in the English quarterlies, where, because he left them, we trust they will be permitted to remain.

These papers represent the interludes between the calls of the severely taxed clergyman and the hardly less severely taxed college professor. He usually produced two or three a year, careful studies of the new teacher, or of the old teacher in whom was a fresh interest—the philosophy, ethics, theology, ecclesiasticism,

which was the vogue of discussion. The names of some of those whom he brought before his critical tribunal—Arnold, Channing, Parker, Coleridge, Newman, Schleiermacher, Lessing, Comte, Mill, Bain, Spencer, Hamilton, Mansel, Strauss, Renan—indicate how vast were the problems at which he toiled in the way of popular presentation. Of these papers it is difficult to say too much. There is, indeed, at times a severity in their tone we might be willing to mitigate; and in general he who was approved at Dr. Martineau's judgment-seat needed to have no dread of Rhadamanthus. If, however, his dialectic was without mercy, he ever bore himself with the grace of a royal courtesy; Macaulay himself did not surpass him in the eloquent concentration of learning; wherever we turn to him his grasp is large and firm, his analysis is profound, he abounds in incisive suggestion; however abstract his argument it is illumined from his imagination and glows with the fervor of his conviction, and at the foot of every page we might write the boast of the youthful Cicero, "*Nihil huc nisi perfectum ingenio, elaboratum industria.*"

There is another species of criticism at which Dr. Martineau has toiled. It is that re-creative sort, illustrated by the geologist when, finding a fossil bone, he fashions from it an animal or fish, and then transforms the environment—rears a forest or floods with the sea—to give the creature a congenial habitat. In dealing with ancient records there is demand for the like faculty; and one who will note the success with which Dr. Martineau has employed it may ponder a few pages of his last great book, "The Seat of Authority in Religion." It may well be that many of the judgments of this volume are not final. It deals with problems of long standing, on which it would not be difficult to summon a score of critics of large and profound erudition who would differ widely from Dr. Martineau, and hardly less widely one from another. Perhaps, too, a comparison of their works with his would make clearer than any language can the special power of which we tell. Critical discussions of the New Testament, bristling with scriptural quotations and abounding in other learned *data*, may be very useful to the scholar; but, unless they have received the vivifying touch of genius, they can hardly be interesting to the untrained reader. That touch Dr. Martineau succeeds in imparting. Volumes in this line as learned may not be far to find; but the volumes are few indeed so abounding in

critical detail and so exhaustively argued that are so enthralling in their interest. Its scholarship, of course, only the scholar can test, and the significance of much of its reasoning only those trained in such studies can fully measure; yet it has been read by multitudes, of untrained mind, who have been held to its great page by a spell it cast upon them. The explanation of this is the fact that the page is not a dead chronicle nor a pulseless argument, but a living and a kindling word.

One of the wonderful facts respecting this volume is the period of life in which it was written. With the exception of the earlier chapters, which had done service in an American periodical, it was all written after eighty-three years of age. Few indeed are the instances in which the "gulf stream of youth" has flowed so far into life's "arctic regions."

From the critic we turn to the moral philosopher. His guiding principle as such was a moral sense than which Bishop Butler's was not clearer. For a long time we had known through his sermons and occasional writings that his ethical discernments were especially acute, also that in his ethical theories he did not follow with the ascendant schools; but it was not till 1885 that, with the publication of the "Types of Ethical Theory," we saw his system in its fulness. This work placed him at once among the first ethical teachers of our century.

Respecting this work we can indulge ourselves but a word. Ethical systems, though many, are reducible to two cardinal types: one of which finds its primary *data* in the universe, the other in man. One may seize upon and unfold some theory of the universe; this shall imply a theory of man; and to this theoretical man certain principles of conduct may be shown by which he may live in harmony with this theoretical universe. Such was the procedure of Comte, of Plato, of Spinoza. This man of theory, however, is not sure to wear a look of verisimilitude. The man of Comte, for instance, placed in comparison with actual men, is fairly suggestive of an anthropological freak. There are features of the inner life that must be known at first hand or not at all. Freedom is not deducible, conscience is no issue of syllogisms; and an ethical doctrine that does not embrace these in its *data* cannot speak home to them in its conclusion.

This limitation Dr. Martineau clearly sees, and devotes his first volume to its exposure. In its ample page he conclusively

shows that by this method, "*Unpsychological*," as he calls it, no satisfactory ethic can be won.

With the second volume he takes his departure from man. These inner principles which cannot be deduced from the universe are *data* with which he begins; and from them he elaborates a system of "*Psychological*" doctrine which is his own. Of the wealth of thought and fervid eloquence of this section of his work it were vain to attempt to tell. It is not alone a thinker's conclusion, but also a prophet's burden. From a study of the "springs of conduct" he comes upon a law that rules within them, which to him is the moral law, dimly discerned in man's earlier stages, yet ever coming into clearer light, and only in obedience to which is he moral. Besides these two types he finds a third. His own doctrine is purely psychological; in the field of controversy there is a competitor, which is mixed-psychological, or, as he calls it, "*Hetero-psychological*." It also sets out with the springs of conduct, but, instead of allowing them a law within themselves, it puts them under the direction of an ulterior end, as pleasure or welfare. Dealing with this, he passes critical judgment upon the hedonistic and utilitarian doctrines of Bentham and Mill and Spencer; and these great teachers were never brought to a more searching arraignment. In a later section of the work he reviews the ethical theories of Cudworth and Clarke and Shaftesbury and Hutcheson. In this vast tract of discussion there is hardly an important phase of ethical doctrine that is not exhibited except the Hegelian, but with this no student of this work can doubt his ability to deal.

Next, his contribution to religious philosophy; and here we deal with the immortal "Study of Religion." This work is probably his crowning achievement. With its publication in 1888, he was hailed without distinction of sect or school the foremost defender of fundamental truth. Some, though accustomed to discriminate in their praise, went further than this. An American student, visiting London, found himself one day confronting R. H. Hutton in the office of the *Spectator*. Conversation came round to this work, and Mr. Hutton said, with emphasis: "Dr. Martineau is the greatest philosopher of religion that uses the English language to-day." Not satisfied with this, he continued: "More than that, he is the greatest philosopher of religion that ever has used the English language." The American, willing to



see how far appreciation would go, interjected here, "Except Bishop Butler." Mr. Hutton, emphasizing his utterance with thumps upon the table, answered, "Not—excepting—Bishop—Butler!" We hear much of the perversion of human judgment from religious antagonism, and Mr. Hutton and Dr. Martineau had the Thirty-nine Articles between them. In this case it seems clear that what the unchurched thinker showed the churchman did not fail to see.

This work in its central feature is a wrestle with the theistic problem. The first question is the perennial one, What is the source of the phenomenal universe? Dr. Martineau seizes upon the idea of cause, and, bidding good-by to Kant and the positivists alike, makes this the clue to the great inquiry. Of his study we can state only results. His first conclusion is that cause implies the origination of phenomena by power. But what is power? We are acquainted with it in the multifarious dynamic of the world, in its forces or agents, as we used to call them, but which we have now learned to be modes of one energy. But, in its ultimate nature, what is this one energy? Inquire as we will through the mere observing faculties, we gain no answer. These modes perform their part openly enough, but the essence which they manifest they also veil. But, failing in my search without, I may turn within. Where the idea of cause is given its nature may be declared; and so Dr. Martineau finds. But cause, as I exercise it, and as interpreted from my centre, is *will*. Where the idea of cause is given, the volitional stamp is set upon it. Meaning this at home, it can have no other meaning when I go abroad: the causal power we contemplate is Will. This glowing and throbbing universe is enchanted by an immanent Will. This conclusion, however, is purely speculative; the next question is, Does the universe ratify it? Do we see in the universe clear tokens of a directing Will? To this inquiry Dr. Martineau turns, and the result of his study is a sublime teleology.

Thus he reaches the first requirement of theistic faith, but there is another. Grant a Will in the universe, is there a Righteousness, too? As before he found his clue in the causal intuition, so now in the moral. There is in man a moral law which he knows to have rightful disposal of him. Whence comes it? Dr. Martineau is philosopher, not advocate; and holds no judgment safe until competing judgments have been found in-

valid. His conclusion, therefore, that this law is given by a Person who has rightful sovereignty over us, and whose inmost spirit it declares is as cogent to the reason as satisfying to the heart. But again the question, Does the universe ratify? Is the moral law within me reflected in the constitution of things around me? If conscience declares a Righteousness, there is the dark experience of evil, and can the two be reconciled? In the full meaning of the word, No. Dr. Martineau himself affirms that the "phenomena of life are disappointing to our ideal of a moral administration of affairs." Yet he who will see the most comforting conclusions that sound reasoning has yet justified may turn to his luminous and inspiring page.

Finally, the office in which the critic and moralist and philosopher met in the "bard of the Holy Ghost," that of the preacher. Dr. Martineau was a very effective preacher, but hardly a popular one. He never drew great congregations, though most select. His manner was too undramatic to lay a spell upon the popular mind; and even with the manner and the tones of Whitefield he could hardly have drawn the multitude with such sermons as he habitually gave. Their depths were too deep, their heights too high. To some who read that the "common people heard Him gladly," and remember how the uncommon people have found life in His word, this may imply an adverse criticism. In the experience of His apostles, however, common and uncommon have needed to be treated differently. Certainly the discourses in "Endeavors" and "Hours of Thought" would have been unsuited to the hillside where Whitefield preached, and the exhortations that brought the colliers to repentance would have evoked feeble response from the congregations to which Dr. Martineau ministered. But his style—we hear it said that it was not suited to pulpit service. It was a style of great strength and beauty; but it is doubtless true that even for cultivated intellects it would have been more effective if less imaginative—above all, could he have been more moderate in the use of metaphor. His beauties are exceedingly beautiful, but their profusion is excessive. You linger to admire a pearl and a shower of diamonds falls around you. Even the reader is often bewildered by the swift succession of splendors, and how much more frequently must have been the hearer. To be thus lost may be not without compensations, but, in thought as in life, to lose the way is to fail of the

destiny. Lost in a garden is lost. Lost amid Sierra glories is lost.

In the peculiarity of their structural principle his sermons are again distinguished from the popular discourse. We ask, What end ruled their preparation? We see clearly why Edwards preached his terrible sermons: there were souls to save from a perdition to which they were hastening. So upon the sermon of almost every preacher is impressed the end it is intended to realize. With Dr. Martineau's sermons it is otherwise. They are not doctrinal—what was his Christology, how he viewed inspiration, why he was a Unitarian, he must be a sharp-eyed critic who can discern in his pulpit utterances. Neither, in the ordinary meaning of the word, are they practical. Practical they are, as fresh air and sunshine, as poetry and art and music are practical; but not practical as addressed to specific needs. They lead into a realm of elevated thought; yet, however they may stimulate or comfort or constrain us, they do not seem to be spoken to us. And they are not spoken to us. Their aim is not address, but self-utterance; not to move another's soul, but to tell the raptures of his own. He looks not about his congregation to discover what they had need to hear, but within himself to find what God has given him to say. He has hope that his word through his utterance may carry a blessing, but it is the hope of an artist who traces a beauty on the canvas, trusting that another may thrill to its joy. He uses the ordinary form of address, and so makes into sermon what otherwise were psalm. There results from this method a tendency to soliloquy, to rhapsody, beautiful and ennobling, but quite the opposite of that directness of speech by which attention is most easily won and longest held. There comes of it, however, something more. In the sermons of few preachers is there so little lecturing; few there are whose pulpit utterance is so little else than a vessel in which the spirit is offered us. Sermons, like men, must have the defects of their qualities, and it is doubtful if they can publish the oracles of the soul and at the same time be always easy for the intellect to grasp. Pouring out the heart is something different from addressing the understanding; psalm and homily have unlike qualities. There are preachers who deftly blend them, as Channing usually, as Dewey occasionally, as Beecher now and then; but so far as the homily is obtrusive the psalm will be sacrificed, and so far as the

psalm is overpowering the homily will falter. This suggests a doubt whether, save by Dr. Martineau's method, sermons can ordinarily be produced so charged with religious feeling as his. We give them place in the classic literature of devotion, with the volumes of Taylor and Tauler and à Kempis, and there it is probable they will remain. The manner differs; but through his utterances as through theirs the like heights gleam, the like raptures thrill. The understanding can offer what is understood, the reason can offer reasons; but whoever will speak the oracular word must seek the shrine where oracles are given. This secret of his office Dr. Martineau beyond all contemporary preachers seemed to know; and hence the matchless power with which his sermons speak home to us.

#### IV.

From his work we turn back to his life, of which there may yet be space for a few illustrative incidents. The first is drawn from his ministry in Dublin. His settlement there was outwardly to his liking. His church had local prominence; it had wealth, in the use of which it was not parsimonious; its congregation was a goodly gathering of earnest souls. Doubtless it had troublesome spirits enough to keep a minister in discipline, yet was he satisfied. His people, too, were satisfied. Though in the pulpit he was no Chrysostom, there was quickening and healing in his word; as he moved among them his presence charmed them; the freshness of youth was on his features, the word of wisdom on his lips, the light of genius in his eye. Yet the relation was shattered on a moral issue in a little more than three years.

He was settled as the associate of a venerable pastor, at whose death, which occurred soon after, he came by natural succession to the full pastoral office. To his surprise, he found that the change implied an addition of £100 to his salary. He was further surprised to learn that it was his share of the *Regium Donum*. *Regium Donum* means Royal Bounty—why should this church be favored with a Royal Bounty? A chapter of English history hitherto unread was opened to him. This Bounty had been first bestowed by Charles II. upon the Presbyterians of Ireland and some of the non-conformist bodies of England, with a view to securing their fealty. It was, therefore, at first of the nature of a bribe, and, seeing it in this aspect, some winced at receiving it.

Baxter, for instance, would have nothing to do with it. It had, however, become perpetuated; for a hundred and fifty years this church had received it; it came as the grace of Heaven, and was perhaps the more appreciated because, unlike the grace of Heaven, it was not for all alike. Of course at that late date Dr. Martineau saw in it no bribe; but in its least offensive aspect it was to him a sinecure, which in the court of ethics he could not justify. In his view, too, it was inherently unjust. The bounties of kings are the tax of subjects; through this bounty, therefore, multitudes, as the Catholics about him, were taxed to support a worship in which they could not participate, which they indeed abhorred. In dwelling on this aspect of the case, the event sixty years behind him, there was more than the usual light in those mild blue eyes. His course was soon determined: he could not receive this bounty. Declining it for himself, however, might ultimately mean declining it for his church, which his ethical sense forbade him to do. The church, then, must surrender it, or he and they must part. The sceptic of disinterested virtue must surely find it difficult to make out self-interest here: if he won in the contest he sacrificed £100 annually; if he lost, the church in whose service he wished to continue was the costlier forfeit. The younger members came to his side, and the contest was earnest. His view of the Bounty, however, was new; interest pleaded persuasively; and we see something of the strength of his hold upon his people in the fact that the decision was against by only one vote.

This issue sent him into the intenser life and larger opportunity of Liverpool, whither its story followed him as a certificate of inflexible manliness. His ministry here was attended by but one striking episode, the Liverpool controversy, of which, its fame is so wide, there is no need to tell. But while in parochial relations his career was too successful to be eventful, he moved into an extra-parochial relation in which peace was not so monotonously constant. A tireless student of theology, he soon became a leading theologian, and that of the class that reach only temporary encampments, never a city of destination. Such energy of movement is uncongenial to many spirits, and, first and last, Dr. Martineau was the object of a good deal of distrust from those who were plodding on behind him.

This distrust took the form of an annoying opposition to his appointment to the professorship in Manchester New College. In

intellect and character all recognized his eminent fitness, but he was suspiciously familiar with thought in that land of theological chimeras, Germany. He was known to have studied the Tübingen school, and to have found somewhat to favor in its doctrines. For a time in the constituency of the college there was a very prevalent *Germano-phobia*, a *rabies* of which we have had experience in America also. The opposition amounted to an inquisition for heresy, to him extremely annoying. Had the decision been against him, it is not improbable that he had sought a field of labor in this country. The decision, however, was in his favor; and the contention proved like a summer tempest, after which all nature smiles again.

His life in London was even less attended by striking incident. It was a life of most strenuous toil; but one day at the college was like another, one Sunday at the chapel simply renewed the high inspirations of other Sundays, the occasional address or paper was but a variety of a customary greatness. As at Liverpool his relations became extra-parochial, so here they became extra-denominational: he moved into that realm where scholar and thinker dwell in the largeness and quietude of their vocation. His pleasant home in Gordon Square became a centre of attraction to the great and wise, and around his board or within his library high talk often sped the hour; but we have heard of no Boswell who was also there.

He had a heart experience, of which the old tale that is always new. In his Derby year he became attached to one Helen Higginson, the daughter of a clergyman with whom he boarded. At the end of the year, forecasting the long period of study, their interest in each other came up for consideration. They behaved too sensibly for ideal lovers: she was anything but a Juliet, and he no Romeo. Too young, as it was held, for engagement, it was settled that they should not see each other, or even exchange letters, save at wide intervals till he was ready for his ministry. The probation only proved their constancy, and six years later she became his wife. A baby, Helen, came to them and died in infancy. Their next born was Russell, destined to the scholar's honorable toil and high success. Six other children came to him, of whom four daughters and a son survive him. His heart was gladdened by no grandchildren.

He had that best solace of a man of toil, a home of peace.

Through wifely tenderness and filial piety his heart was satisfied. The sunniest paths, however, lead under shadows. When he gave up the pulpit charge in Little Portland Street Chapel his health seemed declining, and it was hoped that release from its labors would restore him, but it failed to do so. Weakness grew upon him; a melancholy crept into his countenance; the elasticity departed from his step. He kept at his appointed tasks, but the old vigor was gone. The explanation was that the comforter and counsellor of the many years was sinking beside him, and, through her hold on his affections, was drawing him after her. At length, in 1877, after a lingering malady, she died. After her death there came to him a renewal of life.

Honors were slow in coming, but at last they came. In 1872 Harvard crowned him LL.D. Two years later Leyden gave him an S.T.D. Somewhat later Edinburgh honored him with D.D. Yet later, Oxford smiled upon him with D.C.L. Last of all, Dublin bore testimony with Litt.D. In 1872 he was given a testimonial of a different sort, which must have been very gratifying. At the close of the college session an interview was sought with him and a cheque for 5,000 guineas was placed in his hand with intimation that more was to come. This sum was soon raised to £5,900, a portion of which, with his consent, was used in the purchase of some pieces of silver plate, which were nobly inscribed. The gift was from various friends and admirers, and was accompanied by an address, in which its prompting was referred to "mingled motives of gratitude, respect and affection." On his retirement from the Little Portland Street Chapel, his flock presented to him £3,500, also from motives of gratitude, respect and affection.

In 1888 he received another testimonial than which it were difficult to conceive a prouder. It was planned as a greeting for his eighty-third birthday, and reflected the admiration with which his recently published "Study of Religion" was welcomed. It was an address signed by leading scholars and thinkers of Europe and America, without regard to religious or philosophical bias. After passing through various hands, it received its final touch from Professor Jowett. In it was this passage: "We admire the simple record of a long life passed in the strenuous fulfilment of duty, in preaching, in teaching the youth of both sexes, in writing books of permanent value, a life which has never been

distracted by controversy, and in which personal interests and ambitions have never been allowed a place." The signatures, between six and seven hundred in number, together with the address, were presented in a book of surpassing elegance. The first signature was that of Tennyson, the next was that of Browning; following these were the names of Jowett, Bradley, Zeller, Max Müller, Lubbock, Renan, Kuenen, Pfeiderer; of members of Parliament and Church dignitaries in long array; of illustrious representatives of the universities of England, France, Germany, Switzerland, Holland, America; of men of letters, theologians, philosophers, of all schools. Party distinctions were lost to view in the common recognition of a common benefactor.

In reply, Dr. Martineau happily drew to himself the language of Cicero: "*Est ea profecto jucunda laus, qui ab iis proficiscitur, qui ipsi in laude vixerunt.*" Here we will leave him. Of his later toil we have already told; we will not intrude upon his later rest. Ours his strenuous day, not the quiet of his evening. We part with him as with a leader whom we have followed, on the field of his pride and valor.

A. W. JACKSON.